My words would bandie her to my sweet Loue.
And his to me, but old folkes, many faine as they were dead,
Vnweildie, slow, heauie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, O honey *Nurse* what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. *Peter* stay at the gate.

Iu. Now good sweet *Nurse*, O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou sham'st the Musick of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with so sower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue a while,
Fye how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

Iu. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come, I pray thee speake, good, good *Nurse* speake.

Nur. Iesu what hast, can you not stay a while?
Doe you not see that I am out of breath?

Iu. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou do'st make in this delay,
Is longer then the Tale thou do'st excuse.
Is thy newes good or bad? answere to that,
Say either and Ile stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know not how to choose a man: *Romeo*, no not he, though his face be better then any mans, yet his legge excels all mens, and for a hand and a foot and body, though they bee not to bee talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of curtesie, but Ile warrant him as gentle as a Lambe: goe thy wayes Wench, serue God. What haue you dinde at home?

Iu. No, no, but all this did I know before
What sayes he of our Marriage, what of that?

Nur. Lord, how my head akes, what a head haue I:
It beates as it would fall in twentie pieces.
My backe a tother side, a my backe, my backe:
Beshrew your heart for sending me about

To catch my death with iaunting vp and
Iu. Ifaith I am sorry that thou art not
Sweet, sweet, sweet *Nurse*, tell me what
Nur. Your Loue sayes like an honest
And a curteous, and a kind, and a handsome
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your
Iu. Where is my mother, why, shee is
she bee?
How odly thou replyest:
Your Loue sayes like an honest Gentlem
Where is your Mother?
Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you so hot, marry come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Hence-forward doe your Messages your
Iu. Here's such a coyle, come what s
Nur. Haue you got leaue to goe to
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Fryer
There stayes a Husband to make you a W
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in you
They'le be in Scarlet straight at any new
Hie you to Church, I must another way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your L
Must climbe a Birds-neast soone when it
I am the Drudge, and toyle in your delig
But you shall beare the burthen soone at
Goe Ile to dinner, hye you to the Cell.
Iu. Hie to high fortune, honest *Nurse*

Enter Frier *and* Romeo.

Fri. So smile the Heauens vpon this h
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs n
Ro. Amen, Amen, but come what sorr
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ic
That one short minute giues me in her sig
Doe thou but close our hands with holy w

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)